

# HONOR OF GARCIAS

By H. C. CARR.

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Old Jose smoked a cigarette in his corner.

"Oh, senior," he said, "times change very much. I was once majordomo of the great Garcia rancho. They had more as million steers, and so many horses no man can count in a whole year."

"Where is the Garcia rancho?" I asked.

"There is no Garcia rancho," said Jose sadly. "All gone. Garcias is all poor men. Old man Garcia die pauper."

When I asked him why, Jose said, slowly shaking his head, "Couldn't understand. Couldn't understand American way. He lose all."

And to explain, he related these facts:

Pancho Warren flung his empty purse under the faro table.

"I stake my horse," he said excitedly—flushed with gambling.

The American faro dealer paused and considered the excited young half-breed.

"Where's the horse?" he asked.

Pancho turned very white and sprang to his feet. "You doubt me?" he cried.

The gambler merely sat toying with the cards, so Pancho added weakly: "Well, the horse he lies down by the front of the hotel."

The gambler peered out of the front windows of the old Pico House down into the turmoil of the plaza, as it was in the early days of Los Angeles—

young grandees with flaring spurs and bell-trowsers, tearing up and down at full speed; drunken Indians sleeping in the gutters; cattle roaming around, and the studded doors of the old mission chapel of the padres looking down upon the scene.

Pancho's horse, with magnificent silver-mounted saddle, whose tapaderas swept the ground, was standing in front of the hotel. While Pancho was pointing him out, the faro dealer noted where Pancho's bet lay and quietly fixed the deck to harmonize with the circumstances.

At the next turn of the cards, Pancho lost his horse. Stripped clean, he rose from his chair and cried: "I give the name of Miguel Garcia for one thousand pesos."

The Spanish side of Pancho's nature was immensely haughty over the fact that he had once stood sponsor at the baptism of a child with the great Miguel Garcia—which made them comrades.

The faro dealer looked up at him and smiled as one might at a naughty child.

"What!" Pancho almost screamed.

"You think I had no influence with Miguel Garcia?"

Half out of his senses with the gambling madness, Pancho rushed from the room to the office of the hotel, where he called for ink and paper and without more ado wrote out a promissory note for one thousand pesos, and unblushingly signed the name of Miguel Garcia. Hurrying back to the game, he flung the paper insolently on the table in front of the faro dealer.

"Who's Miguel Garcia?" asked the gambler coolly, glancing at the paper.

Pancho almost strangled with an attempt to say all the words of astonishment and protest at once.

"You don't know Miguel Garcia?" he squealed, almost incoherent with excitement.

"Miguel Garcia he has a million—he don't know how many cattle he has—Madre de Dios!—he can travel for two weeks on his own land—he—"

He paused, spluttering. Words failed him.

The gambler prepared to turn the next card.

"You put up the dinero or you don't play in this game," he said briefly.

"But Miguel Garcia—"

"The hell with the Garcia!"

Beside himself with shame and excitement, Pancho snatched up the spurned note and rushed from the room, downstairs and out into the street, where he swung onto the horse he had just wagered and lost. At the corner, where Arcadia swings into Main street, was Cohn, the pioneer pawnbroker.

Pancho gave Cohn the forged note and demanded the cash. Cohn shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I donno," he said apologetically.

"You doubt Miguel Garcia?" roared Pancho.

"No—no—no!" protested Cohn, overawed at the great name. "I couldn't know yet, if I got the cash in the safe."

"See how much you have," ordered Pancho. The pawnbroker hurried over to the safe in the corner, and stood up—red and puffing.

"Eight hundred pesos," he said deprecatingly.

"All right," said Pancho with great magnificence. "You can keep the change."

Land of Many Languages.

Belgium is a land of many languages. Though Flemish is the native tongue, yet French, English, German and Dutch are spoken. It is claimed that the average resident of Antwerp speaks all five languages with equal fluency, and he can think in any or all of them, which is the final test. French, of course, is essential. Without it the Antwerp man would be lost in Brussels, where French is spoken almost exclusively. When one gets into the rural districts the situation is different. In the north of Belgium the language is Flemish. The farmers there speak nothing else. But in the south there is little or no Flemish spoken, that section having absorbed just enough of the French language to confuse it hopelessly with their own and evolve a patois that is guaranteed to puzzle anyone who has not been raised in the midst of it.

Path to Complete Success.

Man is the most successful creature so far, because he has kept his balance, but the worst thing about him is the size of his brain, for it indi-

Pancho went back to the game, where he lost the eight hundred pesos without delay.

A day or two afterward, a messenger rode to the hacienda of the great Garcia and gave the old man a note. It was in English, and the old Hidalgo couldn't make it out very well.

His son Luis had just come home from college at Santa Clara, and old Miguel gave him the note to read—taking great pride in Luis' learning.

Luis read the note. "This says, papa, that you owe Mr. Cohn in Los Angeles, one thousand pesos, and he would be much obliged if you would come and pay."

"What?" roared Miguel. "I owe—Send one of the men for my horse. Bring me the old dapple gray. He has carried me through many troubles."

When the vaquero came back with the gray, old Miguel was waiting. He had his sword—a relic of his army days—ready to make fast to the great silver-garnished saddle, for this was an errand to clear his honor of an insult. Fearing a tragedy, Luis followed him at a discreet distance.

The old man galloped hotly to town and rode his horse straight into the pawnshop and banged on the counter with his saber.

"Come out!" he cried.

Cohn appeared at the inner door, smirking and rubbing his hands.

"What's this insult?" demanded old Miguel, throwing the bit of paper down on the counter. Cohn picked it up tremulously.

"You say I owe you one thousand pesos," said the old don sternly.

"Well," said Cohn, shrugging his shoulders. "Mr. Pancho he left the note."

He hastened to the safe and brought out his poor Pancho's clumsy forgery. Luis, who had quietly entered after his father, took the forged note and read.

"This says," he announced, "that you, papa, have promised to pay Pancho Warren one thousand pesos. Mr. Cohn says that Pancho brought the paper in here and got the money."

The truth dawned on old Miguel, and it was an angry red dawn. His eyes blazed, but he was too thoroughly a gentleman to denounce the forgery there. Pancho should answer to him privately, first.

With Luis following, but not daring to say a word, Miguel rode on down Main street. Near the old Bella Union, Miguel saw the now horseless Pancho sauntering blithely along—ogling the passing señoritas.

Without a shade of embarrassment, Pancho ceremoniously saluted the indignant old gentleman.

"Good day to you, my compadre," he said with a flourish. "It gives me ten thousand pleasures to see you so well."

Old Miguel grimly demounted and threw the reins over the head of the gray. Luis noticed that he kept well in toward the side of the horse where the saber was handy.

With a haughty and terrible look, old Miguel brought the note out from the pocket of his bolero. Pancho's face lighted up as he recognized it.

"Oh, yes," he said cheerfully, "that is my note."

The old don's form grew straighter and taller and his voice was very stern.

"Dog!" he cried, "do you mean you have forged my name?"

Pancho looked injured.

"Why, compadre," he said plaintively, "how angry you get. Is this a way to speak to your compadre?"

"Cohn says you have forged my name. If he lies I shall kill him," said old Miguel.

"Yes, certainly. I wrote your name," said Pancho still in an injured voice.

"What else could I do. I was playing faro in the Pico House and I lost my money. Then I lost my horse. Excited with the play, I then said, 'I give the name of my noble compadre, Señor Miguel Garcia.'"

Pancho paused impressively.

"What do you suppose the pig of an American said?"

Old Miguel made a gesture as one who would say "How should I know?"

"He said: 'To hell with the Garcia.'"

The old man's face darkened.

"Well," said Pancho, hunching up his shoulders, "you see, compadre, how could I let the honor of the Garcia suffer? I went out and made a note and got eight hundred pesos of Cohn and took them and flung them down before the dog of an American pig to show him if the name of Garcia should be laughed at."

Old Miguel impulsively put out his hand and gripped earnestly the hand of Pancho.

"My friend and my compadre," he said, "from the depths of my heart I thank you. You have saved the honor of the Garcias, and all that I have is yours."

"You see," said Jose, meditatively, "you see, senior, they didn't understand. Old Miguel, he die a pauper."

Tree-Climbing Rats.

Rats in southern Italy climb the orange trees and suck the blood oranges, neglecting the others.

Relieving Headache.

Headaches caused by worry or exhaustion may be relieved by very simple means. If possible, put on loose clothing, loosen the hair and supply yourself with a bowl of hot water and several towels. Wet the towels in the hot water and apply back of the ears and to the base of the brain. Change these often and you will soon find relief. A hot foot bath hastens the process.

He Objects to It.

"I see the price of meats has gone up," said a traveling man to his wife. "Has it?"

"Yes; and as a man with judicious sporting instincts, I object to it."

"To what?"

"Playing for such high stakes."

# WHEN VOLENDAM IS GAY

THREE hundred and some odd days of the even tenor of his way—and, then, the Kermess and the Volendam dances, writes Anna M. Dennison in the New York Tribune.

No. He does not dance in his wooden shoes. No man of fashion has a pair of pumps better suited to tripping the light fantastic than are this Dutchman's Sunday slippers. They are of some sort of soft, shiny leather, and in them he becomes light of foot. The same may be said of father, mother, brother, sister, sweetheart and friend.

The Volendam fisherman goes weekly out into the Zuyder Zee and casts his net for fish. As regularly as Saturday comes around the harbor outside the dyke fills up with craft until it can hold no more—for then he returns for a peaceful Saturday afternoon or Sunday with his family and friends. When he has anchored his barge he turns toward home, walking with that clever combination of dragging, shuffling and freedom of swing in his step that can be acquired by no other means than the wearing of wooden shoes and rousers a half yard wide about the ankles. When he reaches his own door—a door exactly like those of his neighbors to right and left—he deftly slips out of his wooden shoes and crosses the vestibule into the living room of his home.

The fisherman's home.

This vestibule and living room are exactly like those of his neighbors to right and left, to front and rear. The living room has two windows in front, each of which is curtained with even-plaited lace across the lower sash and smoothly ironed lace across the upper. A table stands between these two windows. The floor is covered from the table back to the opposite wall with matting, the fireplace accom-

modates a small charcoal burner in its flue, and all the family china and silver and brass is assembled hereabout.

The beds open into the walls like cupboards, and here the family is stored away at night like dry goods on shelves.

During the day, however, coffee or tea simmers over a perpetual fire, which is kept alight in the burner on the table between the windows. Here sits mother or sister, sewing or knitting, and to this hospitable board come cousins, aunts, grandfathers and beaux to pour and drink a cup of tea while the gossip of the day is passed; or, if it be the sweetheart, he steals a few minutes of flirtation with the demure damsel.

Always Planning for Kermess.

Money is not so abundant from the labor of the average fisherman as to permit much diversion from the routine. In fact, to one used to the attractions of cities or the push of modern times, this life seems like a 12-month clock, wound up each year and

and giving the children a "Christmas" feeling by buying and presenting to them dolls, toys, cakes, etc. Everybody begins to be happy.

So goes the week. The daytime is spent more or less quietly about daily affairs, but the evenings are full of music, laughter and madcap dancing. As the last nights of the Kermess approach it seems to dawn upon the Volendamer that the humdrum length of another year is approaching, and accordingly he raises his heels and limbers up his knees. Whole bands of boys and men clasp hands or embrace lovingly, and pound the floor in rhythmic thrums and bumps until the entire building aways and trembles, rocks and echoes to motion and sound. They dance and dance the last Saturday night away. Still they dance when Monday morning dawns, and only upon the stroke of noon on Monday does bedlam die away and all Volendam go first to bed to sleep it off, and then back to work—till the Kermess comes again.

About Women.

While the war is on wedding bans will be dispensed with in Austria. The average life of women is about four years longer than that of men.

When an English woman marries a German she takes her husband's nationality.

Miss Alice George is managing the political campaign of her uncle, Congressman Henry George, Jr., who is seeking re-election to congress.

Ten young Chinese women received the degree of M. D. at the recent commencement exercises of the Hackett Medical College for Women at Canton, China.

Gum Chewing in Kansas.

"I never realized that so many women chew gum until I started to make an examination of these tables," said John Thomas, proprietor of Furry's confectionery, 335 East Douglas avenue. "One of the tables needed repairing and when I turned it over I found 64 wads of gum stuck on the under side of it. I then looked under the others and found that there were between fifty and one hundred wads

of gum on each of the 25 tables in here. About 1,250 women must have placed their gum under these tables, as there are that many wads."

After the reporter saw for himself that the pieces of gum were there, he asked:

"Why do they leave it there, after so carefully placing it?"

"Because they find so many they do not know whose they are getting hold of when they start to leave," replied the confectioner.—Wichita Eagle.

Largest Users of the Cable.

Who are the biggest cable? Probably Lloyd's Shipping agency, for they have sleepless agents in every corner of the world keenly watching for shipping arrivals, departures, wrecks, casualties, etc., which they instantly notify by cable to London.

Raven Not Long-Lived Bird.

The ancients credited the raven with unusual longevity, but modern investigation shows that it is not warranted. The bird rarely lives more than seventy years.

Pruning Essential.

The fruiting habit of a tree, that is the age upon which its fruit is produced, must always be kept in mind when pruning.

Opportunity for the Horse.

The American draft horse will now have an opportunity to demonstrate its qualities.

Don't Frighten Hens.

Scare your hens and you scare money out of your pocket.

Plants Mature Earlier, Show Increase in Yield and Grow Larger Leaves.

(By M. B. CUMMINGS.)

Extensive experiments show that a distinct advantage follows the use of heavy or large seed. The results attained with seed sorting with sundry plants are of assistance in the explanation of several points relating to the differences in maturity, lack of uniformity in size, season, and quality of production.

The advantages which accrue from the use of large and heavy seed peas are earlier blossoming, a larger total number of blossoms, a larger number of blossoms of good quality as indicated by the size of bloom and length of stem. Plants grown from large seed are heavier and bear more and larger lateral branches.

Hubbard squash and sweet pumpkin respond well to seed selection. Plants grown from small seed yielded a larger number and a greater total weight of fruit, but were, however, markedly inferior with respect to size and weight of ripe fruit. Special precautions were found to be necessary in order to avoid a mixed heritage of seed.

The merits of large seed in lettuce culture are shown in the production of larger seedling, an increased weight of early matured plants, which displayed better heading-up capabilities, earliness and uniformity in filling the heads; in short, augmented earliness and quality.

Heavy spinach seed outclasses light seed in weight of plants, width and number of leaves, height of main stalk and general earliness.

Parley, a biennial herb which quickly renews its top when cut back, gives not merely larger and earlier foliage, but shows greater recuperative powers when the larger seed is used.

Radishes, one of the shortest of short-term crops, show good gains in favor of large seeds. Sorting the seeds from the same parent gives as great a contrast as sorting composite samples, showing that gains may be made irrespective of the nature of the parent plant. Large seeds give a more uniform crop ready for use about one week in advance of small seed.

Trials with beans resulted in favor of the large seeds. The advantage accruing from the earliness of the product grown from the large seed is somewhat offset by its later germination.

In a single trial garden peas made little or no response to size selection of seed, although a slight gain was

recorded for plants from large seed if allowed to mature; but no gain was observed when harvested as green peas.

The weights and sizes of plants compared at different stages of growth show that a continuous and permanent advantage exists in favor of large seed. Plants grown from large seed possess more leaves of greater surface area and hence have greater assimilative powers.

ADVISABILITY OF WINTER PLOWING

(By A. J. LEGG.)

There is a diversity of opinion as to the advisability of plowing in the winter time. It is generally conceded, however, that sod lands should be plowed in the winter season. The freezing and thawing of the soil puts it in much better condition than it can be put by plow and harrow after spring has opened.

Winter plowing also destroys many insects that would damage crops if they were allowed to live.

There will be much more moisture laid up in the soil and saved for the use of the growing crop the next year if the plowing is done during the winter season than there would if it were left until spring.

The capillary connection with the subsoil will have time to be renewed if the plowing is done early. This is an important item that is not often considered.

I have made a practice for several years of getting as nearly all of my sod land as I can turned before it quits freezing.

LOW-HEADED TREES BEST FOR ORCHARD

Stems Are Soon Shaded and Protected From Sunscald—Fruit Easy to Reach.

Plant trees but one year old. You can then head them as low as you choose, and in these days of spraying we must have low-headed trees, and low heads are better in many respects. The stems are soon shaded and protected from sunscald, they do not blow over so badly, and in wet storms in winter the ground catches the limbs before they can break, and they are easier harvested. Large orchardists are now planting this kind.

Cull Dull Hens.

Every time a pithfork is left lying down or stood times up, there is a risk of serious injury.

Place for Seed Corn.

Hang seed corn in a dry, well-ventilated place, where it will not become damp or heat.

# ALFALFA AND SOME OF ITS ADVANTAGES



Alfalfa Enriches the Soil and the Farmer.

(By V. SHOESMITH.)

Aside from its value as a soil improver there are three important places that alfalfa may occupy on the farm: Seeded alone as a hay crop; seeded alone as a pasture crop for hogs and under certain conditions for other classes of stock, and for mixing with the grasses and clovers for meadows and pastures for all kinds of stock. Under soil conditions favorable for the growing of this crop it is generally advisable to use alfalfa for all three of these purposes.

A good stand of alfalfa may be expected to produce more hay than any of the grasses or clovers and the annual risk and expense of seeding is largely done away with. Every general or stock farmer should seed a small acreage near the barn as a pasture for hogs.

A western man, writing about alfalfa, said: "A pig in an alfalfa field is sure to make a hog of himself."

On many farms a portion of the soil is only fairly well suited to the growing of alfalfa; besides some of the grasses should be seeded to produce a hay for the horses and to avoid the danger of bloating when used for pasture, so that it does not seem practicable to devote all of the seeded area of the farm to alfalfa, as good as it is. Even under these conditions alfalfa, if seeded with some of the grasses and clovers, usually proves to be a very valuable part of the mixture. The seeding alone of a large

acreage at the first attempt is not recommended, as the risk of failure in the hands of the inexperienced grower is too great, but the alfalfa seed should be mixed with the regular seeding of clover and should also be seeded alone on a small acreage and this increased from year to year until the desired acreage is secured.

Alfalfa is a leguminous plant, and closely related to the clovers, cow peas, beans, etc., and like them is able to take its supply of nitrogen from the atmosphere. It thus improves the soil in the same way clover does. However, after the alfalfa has been seeded in the field for several years and the nitrogen content of the soil increased by the decay of roots, nodules, stubble and leaves, the crop will feed on the nitrates made from this source and will take a smaller percentage of its nitrogen from the atmosphere. The alfalfa then does not do as much to build up the nitrogen content of the soil after it has been grown for several years in a field as it does during the first two or three years after seeding. It is, therefore, not advisable to leave one field seeded for an indefinite period of years, or as long as it produces satisfactorily as is commonly done, but to seed a new field which needs building up and to plow up the old field, which should be in excellent condition to produce very satisfactory yields of corn and other crops.

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# FOR BETTER ROADS

## BETTER ROADS AND SCHOOLS

Farmers Beginning to See That Education Furnished in One-Room Building Is Not Adequate.

Sooner or later we shall be driven to the centralization of schools in some form, not necessarily to the township school; but we are all beginning to see that the education furnished in the one-room school with ten or twelve pupils on an average, is not what the farmer needs, and costs more than it is worth. Therefore, we take it that we shall be driven to some kind of consolidation. When farmers get around to the point of figuring what their schools actually cost them per pupil per day, and realize the inadequacy of this kind of training to fit their children for farm life, they will remedy it by bunching the schools together.

Before this can be done effectively there must be good roads, roads over which the children can be carried comfortably to a large school where they will have the training that fits them for life, and in the larger